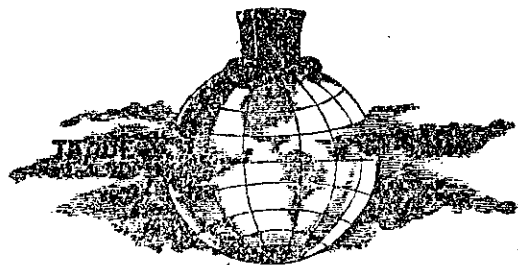


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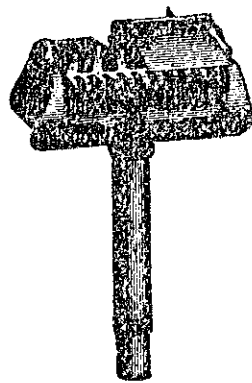
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The Tech.

VOL. VI.

BOSTON, MARCH 3, 1887.

NO. 10.

THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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HILE at the recent Intercollegiate Press dinner, it was with feelings of envy that THE TECH editors listened to what most of the other college editors had to say. It seemed to be an almost universal

opinion that the greatest boredom of college journalism, was the reading over of contributions and pronouncing on their merits, because the contributions were so numerous and competition for places on the editorial board ran so high.

We could not refrain from expressing the wish that we might be bothered a little that way. So far from having been a bore, it has been the greatest pleasure to us to read over the few contributions we have received this year, even those which we found impossible for us to make use of.

And the question came up in our minds as to why this thing is so? Why is there not more literary enthusiasm shown? It would seem that an institution the size of the M. I. T., ought to contain as much literary material as a college the size of Amherst, Williams, or Tufts, none of whom have more than half as many men on their class-rolls. To be sure, it may be said that these three places named, are colleges where there would naturally be a greater tendency to studies bearing on literature, than at a technical school like the M. I. T., where everything tends toward specialties in different professions, and where the time is too limited to permit of anything but strictly professional studies being included in the course. But we would say in reply to this, that there are plenty of scientific men whose writings and books are world renowned. And is it likely that these men would have been able to write in a fluent manner, and describe facts so that any one who reads may enjoy, if they had spent their youth in close professional study, without any literary relaxation? We do not believe that it is. There may be distinguished scientists who have gained renown from their writings, who have never paid any attention to the cultivation of their literary abilities; but if there are, they must be the exception, and not the rule.

Therefore, it is for this very reason, as necessarily so small an amount of time is spent at the Institute in learning how to write and express one's self clearly and fluently, that we should think fellows would be glad to take the opportunity to try and improve themselves in this direction, by writing something for THE TECH.

It was only the other day that one of the professors of chemistry, in speaking to a TECH editor about the practice of writing up notes on all analyses made, said that one of the principal ideas in making the fellows do this, was to teach

them how to describe an analysis accurately and fully, and in good English, so that any one could repeat the analysis from the notes, and would not be obliged to ask, "I wonder where that man learnt his English?"

It seems evident to us that the slight amount of training derived from this is altogether inadequate to the wants of the case. We have seen some of these notes, and have felt tempted to ask not only where that man learnt his English, but where he learnt to spell. We think a great advance might be made in the right direction if the Faculty could be brought to see this, and would make a certain amount of allowance on the marks of those who have done work for THE TECH. We do not hesitate to say that if such an occurrence could be brought about, that not only would the number of contributions increase, and the literary standard of THE TECH be raised thereby, but also the literary standard of the whole Institute would be improved. As it stands now, we are afraid that the Faculty regard the men who work for THE TECH with suspicion, thinking that they are taking too much time away from their professional work, and do not give them the credit of desiring to better themselves in a literary way. Not that we mean for a moment that the Faculty is at all opposed to THE TECH, which we know it regards with pride, but that professors are too prone to think that a man may be devoting too much of his time to it, and that he takes this time from his professional work.

It is, perhaps, useless for us to ask for contributions again, but we have been moved to do so by many reasons. It is very hard for a few men to do all the literary work required on THE TECH, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that after awhile it gets to be forced and mechanical, and the literary tone of the paper becomes lowered. This is principally why we have again broached this subject. The place which THE TECH holds among the college papers we consider is among the foremost; but it will not long be able to hold this place unless an improvement takes place. The editor is not seeking flattery when he says that the literary department of THE TECH has not been what it should have been

this year, and that it does not truly represent the Institute. We are far from pleased with the work in this department, but the remedy lies not in our hands, but in the hands of the students.

IT is with the deepest feelings of regret that we chronicle the resignation of Mr. Greeley from the editorial staff of THE TECH. By his departure from the Institute, THE TECH loses one of its most ardent supporters and well-wishers, and one whose loss we find it particularly hard to bear. Although not with us in person, it is the sincere hope of the editor of THE TECH, that Mr. Greeley's interest in the welfare of the paper will be sufficiently great to let us hear from him frequently, in a literary way, in our columns. Much of the success of THE TECH this year has been due to his efforts, and it will be very difficult to make good his loss.

By Mr. Greeley's resignation, still another vacancy is produced in the already too small editorial board; it is, therefore, with feelings of pleasure, that we hope to be able to announce in the next number the election of several new editors, including one from the Freshman Class.

IN other colleges the men who are applying for positions on the base-ball nines have been training for more than a month; and if we wish to make a creditable showing this year, some sort of systematic gymnasium-work should be undertaken by all those who intend to try for the team. Fast Day, on which the base-ball season is inaugurated each year, comes in a few weeks, and there will probably be some chance for out-door practice before that day, on which the first game will be played. The Association should call a meeting immediately, and complete all the preliminary work, so that all necessary measures may be taken for the selection of a team.

The first point to be settled is, as to whether we are to have a team this year. There seems

to be a feeling that it is impossible for us to make a success of base-ball here, owing to our unfavorable school calendar, lack of afternoon hours, lack of material, etc. In response to this, it may be said that we have never taken the proper measures to ensure success. We have never enforced as much training as is the custom at other colleges, the practice has not been systematical, and there never has been any enthusiasm, either in the students or the players. We surely can find enough material, and we have nearly two months to play in, which will amply suffice. There are several encouraging reports about some new players who have entered since last year, and the old members may learn how to play with a little more practice.

The only way to get the general opinion of the students is to call a meeting, at which a large attendance should be present. It is best to do this immediately, as it is important to settle this question without delay.

It may be well to bring to mind the fact that it is only a few years since it was proposed that we should drop foot-ball here at the Institute. The same combination of circumstances which has made foot-ball such a recognized permanency as it now is, might do the same for our unfortunate base-ball association.

THE indoor spring meeting of the Athletic Club, which occurs next Saturday, promises to be the most successful ever held by that enterprising association. The winter meeting was an encouraging predecessor, and everything indicates prosperity for the coming exhibition.

It is doubted if any other college can prepare a more interesting athletic feature than our open meetings. At no other college do they admit outside amateurs, and so have to depend entirely on home talent. By our system an exciting series of contests is assured; and our men have the chance of competing with the picked athletes from Harvard and other athletic clubs. In spite of the disadvantages of struggling

against the best amateurs in the vicinity, the Institute has always shown up well, as no other club has ever carried off more prizes than fell to our share.

There has always been a large number of entries, and no doubt there would have been the usual amount this year; so the club had no reason except generosity for offering such valuable prizes. The winners will be rewarded by handsome silver cups and mugs, which are superior to anything offered by any other college for the same events.

As the entries have closed, it is no use to persuade laggard athletes to try for honors; but to those who have taken upon them the task of sustaining the glory of the Tech, a few words of encouragement would not be amiss. It is a great moral support to a man to feel that he has the good wishes of five hundred or more spectators, and we surely should furnish that amount to support our representatives. The other clubs will have large forces of friends, so we should not be delinquent. Remember that this is not a trial of class against class, as was our previous meeting, but a trial of the Institute against outsiders. All class feeling should be put aside, and all unite for the honor of the M. I. T.

WHAT has become of the Technology Banjo and Guitar Club, which was started with such brilliant prospects this year? There certainly is such an organization; for have not we all seen it in Technique? It is about time we should hear something about their giving a concert, if they intend to do so at all this year. A banjo club in connection with a glee club always makes a most enjoyable concert, and one that could not fail to draw a good audience. This sort of thing has been tried very successfully with other college glee clubs, and it has been found that the success of the glee club has been greatly increased by it. Why should not our glee club and banjo club combine? The banjo club should brace up, if it desires to be acknowledged as in existence.

FALLING into a reverie, the other evening, my mind, being full of my work, naturally ran toward my profession; and almost without thinking (an apparent paradox) I received some new ideas, or at least made some new reflections, concerning the various relations of architecture and its practice to the other professions. I have thought that perhaps they might be interesting, or at least challenging, to those in the School who are in the other professions.

Let us first glance at the latter. The physicist deals with the great forces of nature, and takes his ingenuity to explain, measure, and master them. He may by one deep thought, which shall be the culmination of all his study, build up new theories, or undermine old ones, and so further the progress of the world toward perfection of knowledge, thus influencing, radically and eternally,—at least so long as his civilization is extant,—the minds, manners, and customs of the world's inhabitants. To a high-minded man, nothing can be a greater incentive than this to the utmost training and use of his knowledge and faculties. Yet if he does not see fit to put forth his hand, no man will know that he is the worse for it.

The mechanical engineer, it is needless to say,—for look at the history of the last hundred years,—has the power, after the physicist has done his work, of incalculably benefiting humanity in all the material resources of life.

The chemist is a most powerful factor in life,—nay, he is scarcely second to the physicist; for what invention or discovery in the history of the world has had greater influence, or will have greater influence, than the invention of gunpowder or nitro-glycerine?

The miner, simply as a miner, has but a transient influence, yet comes more directly in contact with life, and benefits it more simply than either of the others.

The electrical engineer, practicing applied physics, has influence equal to any.

The civil engineer has a direct influence, transient where his skill is entirely bestowed on structures, etc., but far reaching when he develops the skill sufficient to enable the mechan-

ical engineer to drive his engine at the wind's pace from end to end of a continent.

Those who have read as far as this, may think that an architect has a pretty small hole to crawl out of; but no! The architect alone, of all the scientific professions except medicine, has an intimate connection with every variety of life: the amusements, the education, the religion, the home-life, the health, the pleasures, the ideals of humanity, are not only influenced by the architect, but are shaped and planned by him, are cared for and studied by him, and are his sources of anxiety on the execution of his work. The man who can enter into schoolboy life and its varied feelings, and *can be a boy*, yet with a man's knowledge, is the one who will plan the schoolhouse I should want to attend.

The man of whatever denomination who can be a thorough Churchman and Christian, and can enter into all the feelings of those characters, is the only man who can express in a church, at once, praise and joy, sympathy and majesty. This is really a practical, every-day fact; for no Catholic church is designed by any but Catholics, or at least seldom.

The man who gives you a dry cellar to your house, wards off death; he who arranges a good sanitary system prolongs your life; he who gives you your knee-space and fresh air at the theater makes your life more happy.

And, greater than almost all these things, he who can so design as to point to, and exhibit, an ideal life of grandeur and equipoise, or of pure and elevating gayety which shall refresh you, or of universal sympathy for mankind,—in a word, he who can express his soul in his building, will be sure of the sympathy of others, and of doing them good.

HER INVITATION.

In the parlor they were sitting—
Sitting by the firelight's glow;
Quickly were the minutes flitting,
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she puttered,
From her eye escaped a tear:
"Must you go so soon?" she muttered;
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?"

—*Life.*

That New Guest.

DURING July and August of last summer I was passing away the time with an old aunt of mine in the country. Her place was situated in the heart of the mining districts of Pennsylvania, and when I was not working on the farm like any day-laborer, I used to spend my time in going around the country visiting the various mines; going through them and learning as much about them as I could, for I intended to make mining engineering my profession. In this way I visited the coal mines at Pottsville, the great magnetite deposit at Cornwall, and many other places. Our farm was situated about seven miles from Reading, and as there were many blast-furnaces and rolling mills in that vicinity, I had the opportunity of visiting them all, which I enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The excursion which I shall longest remember was the one to Cornwall. The magnetite deposit there is something phenomenal, though I believe it is not unique, there being several other deposits of a similar character in the United States. A large hill rises to a height of about 300 feet above the level of the surrounding plain, and is divided by a railroad-cutting, which runs directly through it. The whole hill is one solid mass of ore, and the mine is worked as an open quarry, the expenses of mining being thus reduced to a minimum. The hill rises on each side of the railroad-cutting in a series of gigantic steps to a height of several hundred feet, each step being from 50 to 100 feet in height. Railroad-tracks run around the hill by the foot of each step, so that all that the miners have to do is to break up the ore which has been blasted off each face, and load it into the car. Borings in the lowest part of the mine have been made to a depth of nearly three hundred feet, and the drill had not yet passed out of the ore body.

But it was not of this deposit I intend to write about, but of a peculiar occurrence which happened to me, or, rather, which I witnessed at the little inn at the village of L—, where I put up for the night of the day of this excursion.

This inn was kept by a very respectable elderly widow lady, who, not to speak disparagingly of, had a good eye for business, never losing sight of her own interests while looking out for those of others.

Soon after I had returned there, in the evening a stranger rode up, and giving his horse to the stable-boy, entered the inn and asked for a night's lodging. The old lady treated him very politely, but, I observed, seemed at the same time rather suspicious of him, and evidently determined in her own mind to keep a sharp watch on his doings.

Ernest Townsend (so this new guest registered his name) was a young man of about nineteen, but seemingly several years older. He was one of those sad, dreamy, melancholy fellows, such as Gray in his *Elegy* has described as

“Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.”

The shades of evening fell, supper was bolted, and the new guest retired to his room,

“To muse in solitude on bygone days,”

or, perchance, to employ himself in some more profitable way; however, the room of the worthy hostess opened on the same hall, and almost directly opposite to that of her guest.

Leaving her door ajar, the good lady, at about nine o'clock, retired to her peaceful couch, satisfied from sundry not very melodious sounds proceeding from the room opposite, which certain vulgar, unlettered individuals have termed *snoring*, but which, from the very best authority, we can assert is merely “a difficulty in applying the nasal organism to its proper use”—satisfied from this that her boarder was (not to use a poetical phrase) sound asleep.

The wheel of time rolled on, and an hour passed by. Queen Mab was playing divers tricks with the imagination of our fair hostess, and she was dreaming of “joys departed,” in blissful ignorance of the present, when of a sudden her quick ear caught the sound of a human voice, muttering in terms of concentrated wrath like the far-off thunder. Rising hastily from her bed she approached the door,

and heard the following words uttered, in a low, deep voice, by her boarder:—

"*This, this* is the wage of sin. Nay! hear me through; I swear thy hour has come. O Andrea——"

"Andrew! Good gracious alive, I wonder what Andrew is doing in the stranger's room at this time o'night," soliloquized the landlady to herself. But the guest continued:—

"Yes, Andrea, thou hast robbed me of my soul's fond, cherished hope; the star of my life, that thou in thy ruthless ingratitude hast plucked from its sphere, can never be replaced. Thou hast torn from me the light of my happiness, the day-spring of my hope, the only joy I lived for; what now is left for me? Alas! naught. Death may hide me from the world, but it cannot quench the ardor of my undying soul! Oh! I am wrecked, quite wrecked in all my hopes, and who has done this thing? Who, villain, has robbed me of my peace, my life? Dost thou not tremble? But I see thou dost, and I will have compassion on thy sufferings. See you this knife, Andrea? 'Tis whetted with revenge!"

"Dear me, what — what is he going to do?" gasped the landlady, scarce above her breath, for she could not as yet realize but that she was in a terrible dream.

"One moment for thy prayers have I allowed thee, and now for my revenge! *Thus! thus!* and *THUS!* Ha, ha! ha, ha!"

Stiff and stark across the threshold fell our worthy hostess, under the full belief that her eldest son Andrew had been called to his last account; while at the same instant from the opposite room stalked forth a gaunt, grim figure, with glaring eyes, and a face as colorless as Parian marble, holding in one hand a huge, unsightly knife, whilst the other grasped the small remains of a lighted candle.

On, on, with firm, undaunted step he pressed, and at last, throwing wide open the door of the bar-room, in which were seated some half-dozen sturdy villagers, discussing the prominent topics of the day. He stalked among them to their utter consternation and horror, and placing himself in such a position that no one could leave

the room without coming in direct contact with him, he thus commenced:—

"Why sit ye here, when duty calls you hence? Oh! you too passive creatures to his will, who sways an iron rule. But fear no more; henceforth be *men* in *might*, as you are men in *semblance*. Arise! shake off the accursed yoke of tyranny, and fear not, for Andrea is no more. This night he hath perished by my hands; this knife hath drunk his blood."

"Poor Andrew! O my God, he has killed my son!" in tones of anguish cried the landlady from the hall above, loud enough to be heard but too plainly in the bar-room; and the worthy citizens were petrified with horror, scarce daring to draw a breath.

"What! do you pause?" again and in wilder tones called forth the frantic guest. "Have I dared, braved so much, only to be entirely deserted in my hour of need? But by my soul's life, I fear you not! I *did the deed* ——"

"Oh, the wretch! He owns it!" gasped one of the horror-stricken auditors. But a pair of flashing eyes at that moment met his own, and he cowered back as far as the stove would permit.

"Let's seize him, or he may escape," said another, becoming bold at his long silence.

"*Come on, Macduff!*" shouted our hero, brandishing the huge knife above his head, and advancing just one step, in the real theatrical style. "And d——d be he ——"

"Good heavens!" cried the butcher, turning, if possible, a shade paler, "he knows my name. Oh, if I only had an axe ——" and he lifted his brawny arm involuntarily.

Down upon the floor fell the knife from our hero's hand, and seizing him by the throat, he exclaimed:—

"Coward! I would not use the plaything, for it would rob me of half the sweets of my revenge. No! with these hands will I tear thee limb from limb; drag thy base heart to the light of day, and gloat to see it quiver!"

What more he would have said I cannot say, for at that moment a big, round, red face was thrust through the open door behind him, and

directly afterward the whole form of old Smith, the only constable of the place, was brought to view, and in another moment he had arrested the violent gestures of the speaker, by pinioning his arms behind him.

"Is this him?" he asked of a gentleman who had entered the room immediately after him.

"The very one!" replied the other, smiling in spite of his efforts to the contrary, at the ludicrous scene of which he had only been witness of the conclusion.

"You see," in a bluff, good-natured way, replied old Smith to the rapid questions of the *impromptu* audience, "you see, this 'ere young chap is a son of Mr. Townsend, here, from M—, who took it inter his head to run away from the home of his benevolent father; and so we've come after him—that's all. Oh! you want to know what he's doing with the big knife, and what makes him talk so funny? Well, I'll tell you: he's a 'nambulist. Now *you* don't know what that is—*of course* not; it couldn't be expected for you to know, but it's a fact; the fellow walks, and talks, and cuts up all sorts of shines when he's dead asleep. That's true!"

And the worthy constable smacked his lips with evident satisfaction at the superior knowledge he had acquired over his fellow-townsmen.

"O Mr. Smith, what a mercy it is you have come! Indeed, sir, we were all of us about to be pillaged and murdered, and there's no telling where he'd a-stopped. But my poor Andrew—oh, my poor Andrew!" sobbed the landlady, making her appearance at the door of the room.

"Why, my dear woman, what on earth is the matter with your Andrew?" queried Mr. Smith.

"Murdered!" with renewed sobs replied the landlady; "yes, foully, brutally murdered by that there——" and she pointed to the crest-fallen criminal, whose head hung down upon his bosom, as if seeking to find a retreat from the vulgar gaze that was fastened upon him.

"What! 'Pon my honor, Mr. Townsend, this case begins to assume a more desp'rite light."

"I hope not," replied the gentleman; and turning to the landlady, he asked, "Are you sure, madam, that your son is murdered?"

"Sure? Oh, yes; too, too sure! I haven't seen the corpse, but I heard him accuse Andrew of having robbed him, and such-like slanders, and then I heard him plunge the knife into the poor boy. Oh, it is too horrible!"

"Andrew! You say your son's name is Andrew? Yes, yes, I see—I see it all. Ha! ha! ha! Capital joke, upon my word!" and uttering these hasty sentences, to the surprise of all but the dejected culprit, Mr. Townsend burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Really, my dear madam, this is,—pray, excuse me, but you see—ha! ha! ha!" This last clause of the gentleman's laugh was prolonged to such an extent that no one noticed the entrance of a young man, who, if possible, was more surprised at the scene that met his eyes, than any of the others.

"Let me see. Oh, yes—your son isn't dead, madam; I dare say Andrew is as stout and hale as he ever was in his life."

"To be sure I am," said the last-comer; and the words were scarcely out of his lips before he was clasped in his mother's arms.

After a suitable hug had been given and returned, the landlady asked Mr. Townsend, with a great deal of perplexity in her looks and words, to explain to his bewildered audience, if possible, which he did in the following words:—

"My son here, Ernest, is not only a good dramatic player, but is also something of an author. He has lately composed a tragedy in three acts, in which the principal character is a tyrant named Andrea; while opposed to him is a young and fanatic rebel, who, at the end of the second act, slays the tyrant with a dagger, all the time reproaching him with the crimes of which he has been guilty. Now, Ernest is also a somnambulist, and generally when excited in his sleep, his thoughts revert to whatever is uppermost in his mind; so it is very natural that to-night he should have thought of his play, especially as he ran away from me with the avowed intention of joining some theatrical

troupe. I think you, worthy Mrs. Jones must have confounded the names Andrea and Andrew, and hence the cause of this funny mistake."

The auditors were convinced, especially as the real living Andrew stood before them, and after refreshing themselves with "something warm," they dispersed for the night, and the next morning, at daybreak, Mr. Townsend and his son might have been seen driving toward home, in a neighboring village.

When I returned home the next day, besides the ordinary events of my trip, I had a story to tell my friends that amused us for many a long day, and one that I cannot even now think of without tears of laughter springing into my eyes. Thinking that this episode which amused me so much might be equally amusing to others, I have ventured to transcribe it to paper, and present it to the readers of THE TECH with the hope that they too may see something to laugh at in the story.

w.

That Rhyme.

TO I. W. L.

I wandered on the sand, one day,
By the deep-resounding sea,
And there I saw a maiden fair
Who was smiling pensively.
I felt my heart within me stir
With feelings of emotion,
And asked her then with me to view
The ever-changing ocean.
As I drew nearer I could see
The bouquet on her corsage;
It was — it was — that rhyme must come,
A huge Bologna sausage!

A New Piece of Electrical Mechanism.

MESSRS. STEVENS AND WESCOTT, of the N. E. Weston Electric Light Co., have recently perfected a piece of electrical mechanism which is in practical operation at the Stanhope Street Station. The knowledge of the exact number of revolutions which an engine or shaft is making is often desired by an engineer, who has no

more convenient means for ascertaining it than the ordinary hand speed-indicator. Although this instrument is in almost universal use, its disadvantages are apparent to any one employing it, especially when the average number of revolutions for a succession of minutes is wanted. The apparatus here described is intended to obviate this difficulty, and make it possible to register at a central station the speed of any shaft in the building.

Roughly speaking, its elements consist of (1) a dial indicating revolutions (2), a minute clock (3), the catch-buttons, which establish electrical connection between the electro-magnet of the recording-dial and the shafts to be indicated, and (4) the automatic release, which cuts out the recording-dial precisely at the end of a minute. The speed dial (1) has two hands, the longer indicating single revolutions, and the other hundreds, so that any speed up to 1,000 revolutions per minute may be directly read.

The method of procedure is as follows: The operator depresses a lever, which enables him to set the hands at zero, the usual custom being to zero the long hand only, mentally noting the number of hundreds which the other hand indicates. The catch-button (3) may be depressed at any time during the revolution of the clock, which is constantly in motion, and, care being taken that the automatic switch is closed, the recording commences at the beginning of the next minute. At the end of the minute, the same device which threw the dial into circuit now throws it out, and the recording ceases. If the average for a number of minutes is wished, the automatic switch is opened after the recording has commenced, and left open as long as desired, being thrown in again just before the end of the 5th, 10th, or nth minute, at the pleasure of the operator.

The shafts are connected with the electro-magnet of the recording-dial through the buttons, by two leading wires, one joined to the journal, or other stationary part in metallic connection with the shaft, and the other attached to a copper brush, which bears upon it during one half of the revolution, being insulated dur-

ing the other half by a semi-cylinder of paper fiber bound upon the shaft. Electrical energy is supplied by a small dynamo, giving a current of about one ampère in an E. M. F. of about 15 volts. This, in the apparatus under discussion, is "put upon the shelf" near by, a belt from a neighboring pulley giving it a speed of some 1,200 revolutions per minute.

The hands of the minute dial (2) are driven by the spring and train of a Seth Thomas eight-day clock. The automatic release (4) consists of a shunted electro-magnet, the circuit through it being closed by the clock just as it reaches the minute. When the armature is drawn up, a 16-toothed wheel moves forward one step, bringing an 8-toothed wheel in contact with a platinum brush, thus closing the circuit through the magnet of the recording-dial. When the minute is completed, the smaller wheel is again moved through half a tooth, and the circuit through the recording-dial is broken. By moving a small switch, this breaking is delayed as long as desired, thus recording an average of the revolutions for a number of minutes.

The writer understands that Messrs. Stevens and Wescott, the patentees, would be willing to place the apparatus, at their own expense, in a few reliable places for the purpose of introducing it to public notice. It is being continually referred to at the station, where it is in great favor, to determine what the different lines of shafting are doing, detecting slipping of belts, and many other causes of irregular speed. Should the shaft contact fail, by any chance, giving an inaccurate count of the revolutions, it would be immediately detected by the uncertain and irregular movement of the ratchet which actuates the recording-dial, the rhythmic click of the instrument being proof positive that its records may be trusted as a true history.

A. T. C.

A Trip to Gay Head.

A PARTY of five, of whom I was one, passed a few weeks at Vineyard Haven, last summer, and while there we were urged by friends

to go on an excursion to Gay Head, to see the famous cliffs. The week before, our friends had taken the same excursion; and, as it was very rough, nearly all the party were sick, and I think that they had a secret hope that we would share their fate. As it happened, we had no chance to test our seamanship, for the day was one of those clear and calm ones, with scarcely a ripple on the water.

Gay Head is about twenty miles from Vineyard Haven, at the extreme westerly end of the island. It is rather a tiresome journey, as the coast-line is very barren,—a house here and there, or a clump of trees, being all there is to relieve the monotony. About a mile from the landing, we were shown the spot where the "City of Columbus" was wrecked; and a little way off, that on which the "Gate City" was lost a week before. This latter event we remember only too well, from the fact that for nearly two weeks after the accident we were fed at our "ranch" on watermelons picked up around the wreck.

At the landing we were surrounded by a group of the Gay Head Indians, who were endeavoring to sell specimens of clay and pottery and other fancy articles which they had made. About five of them had ox-carts, in which to take the passengers to a lighthouse at the summit of the cliff. Although great inducements were made to ride, in the shape of a two-wheeled cart, with a hard-pine board for a seat, drawn by two powerful oxen, we declined them all, and set out on foot. On top of the hill on which the lighthouse stood, we got a view of the whole bay and a large part of the island, and in the distance we could see the Massachusetts shore.

Up to this time we had not seen the cliffs, but now looking over the edge of the hill we saw them stretched out at our feet, extending down to the water's edge—gray, blue, red, white, yellow, and in fact almost every color. Truly, it was a wonderful sight, and one well worth seeing.

After we had finished our dinner we went down on to the beach below, and there a very curious sight met our eyes. Hand-bills had

been given out the day before advising every one to "bring a knife and paper-box, and take home some specimens of the clay;" so all had come prepared, and men, women, and children, of all ages and all sorts, were digging away in the clay and picking out specimens. Some of them were very beautiful, and I remember one of pure black, another of red, and one of a mixture of red, white, gray, and black.

On the way home the captain took us out in front of the cliffs, and not till then did we get any idea of their grandeur. Rising up out of the waters on a bleak and desolate shore, some seventy-five feet, and extending for nearly half a mile along the coast, they presented a wonderful sight. To the left was a solid mass of black, next to it of red, and before us a mixture of all, while to the right arose a pure white cliff, which towered up above all the rest; at the top could be seen the lighthouse, and far off to the right, a long, dreary marsh,—the whole making a very weird scene.

We then turned toward Vineyard Haven, and reached there late in the afternoon, very enthusiastic over our trip; for Gay Head was something none of us had ever seen before, and which, as the showmen say, "can only be accounted for by saying that it is a freak of nature."

Noticeable Articles.

Two books on American history have just appeared in England. One is entitled "The English in America: the Puritan Colonies," by J. A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford; 2 vols. Mr. Doyle is already known by a previous volume on Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, which a learned authority on American history tells me is a distinct addition to our historical literature, as Mr. Doyle had access to documents never before used. It is more difficult to say anything new on a subject so thoroughly threshed out as the Puritan colonies, but Mr. Doyle's are interesting volumes, written from careful study of original documents. They may be taken as a partial set-off to a fierce attack on Puritan bigotry and intolerance that has just appeared

on this side of the water,—Mr. Brooks Adams' little book, entitled, "The Emancipation of Massachusetts." Mr. Adams' indictment is, no doubt, in the main true, and yet it is a very one-sided statement.

The other book is entitled, "History of the United States from the Foundation of Virginia to the Reconstruction of the Union." It is in two thick volumes, and is by one Percy Greg. This is the *London Spectator's* account of this precious work:—"Under the title of a history, and in the full-dress style which it is supposed the exacting muse demands, Mr. Percy Greg has composed a violent pamphlet in two bulky volumes. He will take exception to the description, because he is so evidently in earnest and so indisputably sincere. He hates Democracy, and he hates 'The North'; all his affections flow out toward the late slave States, and all his powers of invective—and they seem abundant—are easily excited by the mere mention of any one who even seems to oppose Secession or look dubiously on Slavery. . . . The book is so violently uncompromising, that it reminds us of the Frenchman who, when advised by the magistrate to put his case temperately, said in excuse for his fierceness that 'he had been in a continuous rage for fifteen months.' Mr. Greg surpasses in his constancy the impassioned Gaul. We shall do him no injustice when we say that he has raged furiously over the Secession War for twenty-one years, nearly a generation, 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm' throughout that long period."

It will be seen that Mr. Percy Greg's book is a real "curiosity of literature": is he, perhaps, a Southern bondholder? As a history, it need hardly be said that it is beneath contempt.

Another critic in the *London Spectator* is far from complimentary to the new nut which Mr. Browning has just furnished the Browning Societies to try their nut-crackers on. After referring to the "gracious and exquisitely written interpretation of "Sordello," which the Dean of St. Paul's (Dean Church) has put forth" in the February number of *Macmillan's*, he goes on to say that "Mr. Browning, in such works as "Sordello" and the present volume, is determined to give his readers more trouble than ninety-nine out of a hundred readers of poetry will take in catching even a glimpse of what he means to say; he appears to wish to sift out the keen-sighted and pains-taking readers from among the dull-sighted and careless readers, and to spare himself the indignity of

receiving either admiration or so much as misunderstanding on the part of the latter; for we will venture to say, that without considerable effort the greater number of these pages cannot even be *misunderstood*; they will simply present to the superficial reader a face of perfect inscrutability." He compares the reading of the new book to "walking down a long and dark passage, with here and there, in an embrasure, a window commanding a fine view."

Well, though careless and superficial reading is not in any case to be commended, the great objection to the reading of Browning seems to be that life is too short, and that there are so many valuable books that have the merit of intelligibility. Obscurity, whether voluntary or involuntary, is surely not a certain mark of genius, nor can a poet be called exactly perfect who "often leaves it a matter of guess-work to whom his various pronouns refer." It would seem to be well for us common-place outsiders to wait for the elucidations of the pundits of the various Browning Societies before purchasing the new volume. "Mr. Browning's translator," says our critic, "if this work should ever be translated into a foreign language, will come upon difficulties to which even the difficulties of a corrupt chorus in the *Agamemnon* will be trivial." On the other hand, the critic in the *London Academy* finds the new volume *not* obscure, *not* crabbed, *not* even rugged,—verse difficult, it is true, but the difficulty is in the matter more than in the manner, and the hard nuts are worth cracking. So widely do the critics differ.

The February number of *Macmillan's*, besides Dean Church's elucidation of "Sordello,"—let me take the opportunity, in passing, to recommend Dean Church's beautiful Life of St. Anselm, and his little book on Dante—has an amusing story, "Mr. Pulvertoft's Equestrian Experiences," by "F. Anstey," as he calls himself. As might be expected in anything from the author of that oddest and funniest of stories, "Vice Versa," there is a certain amount of improbability in the leading incidents here. W. P. A.

Swell No. 1 (pretending to mistake for an usher a rival whom he sees standing in evening dress at the cloak-room door of a theater): "Ah! Have you a programme?"

Swell No. 2 (equal to the occasion): "Thanks, my man; got one from the other fellow."—*New York Tribune*.

New England Intercollegiate Press Association.

THE idea of forming such an Association was originated by the *Tuftonian*, and in response to invitations sent out by the *Tuftonian*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Tech*, and *Beacon*, about thirty delegates from various colleges met at Young's Hotel on February 22d. The Convention was called to order by Mr. Maulsby, of Tufts. On a motion, Mr. Maulsby was declared permanent chairman, and Mr. Breed, of Wesleyan, permanent secretary. The roll-call which followed showed the following papers represented, and delegates present:—

- The Amherst Student*.—Mr. Barry Bulkley, Mr. J. F. Harper.
- The Bates Student*.—S. H. Woodrow.
- The Bowdoin Orient*.—C. C. Choate.
- The Colby Echo*.—W. B. Farr.
- The Beacon*.—A. H. Wilde, E. A. Kimball.
- The Dartmouth*.—F. J. Urquhart.
- The Dartmouth Lit.*—W. D. Quint, J. C. Simpson.
- The Cadet*.—J. B. Lazell.
- The Harvard Crimson, The Harvard Advocate*.—M. D. Mitchell.
- The Tech*.—A. S. Warren, T. W. Sprague, Quintard Peters, W. L. Dearborn, J. L. Mauran.
- The Tuftonian*.—D. L. Maulsby, F. O. Melcher, S. A. Foster, J. C. Edgerly, W. L. Fairbanks.
- The W. T. I.*—G. P. Tucker, J. W. Burke.
- The College Argus*.—W. R. Breed.
- The Williams Fortnight*.—S. Abbot, H. Holden, J. T. Baxter.
- The Williams Lit.*—J. H. Cravens, S. T. Livingstone.
- The Yale Courant*.—H. L. May.
- The Yale Lit.*—A. F. Gates.
- The Yale News*.—H. B. Ketcham.
- The Undergraduate*.—J. T. Clarke.

In all, 15 colleges were represented by 34 delegates from 19 journals.

A committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Abbot, Choate, Yates, Simpson, and Melcher were appointed to draw up a constitution.

On a motion, Mr. Bulkley, of Amherst, was then elected toastmaster. A recess was then taken until the Committee on the Constitution were ready to report. The Constitution, as presented by the committee, was adopted with a few changes. Officers for the year were then elected as follows:—

President, H. B. Ketcham, Yale; *Vice-Presidents*, C. C. Choate, Bowdoin; F. J. Urquhart, Dartmouth; M. D. Mitchell, Harvard. *Cor. Sec'y and Treas.*, J. C. Edgerly, Tufts; *Recording Secretary*, Sydney Warren, Technology; *Executive Committee*, Messrs. Abbot of Williams, May of Yale, Wilde of Boston University, Cravens of *Williams Lit.*, and Maulsby of Tufts. It was then voted that the next meeting be held at Young's, in Boston. The date appointed is Oct. 7, 1887. The meeting then adjourned.

At seven o'clock the members sat down to dinner; after which the following toasts were drunk, and responded to in a very able manner. Mr. Bulkley is greatly to be congratulated for his success.

TOASTS.

New England Intercollegiate Press.—W. L. FAIRBANKS, *Tuftonian*.

The Muscovite Maiden.—J. L. MAURAN, *Tech*.

The Constitution.—C. C. CHOATE, *Bowdoin Orient*.

Our Officers.—W. R. BREED, *College Argus*, H. B. KETCHAM, *Yale News*.

College Journalism.—S. ABBOT, *Williams Fortnight*.

Benefits of Close Acquaintanceship to College Editors.—QUINTARD PETERS, *Tech*.

Pleasures and Boredom of College Journalism.—F. J. URQUHART, *Dartmouth*.

How to get Ads.—W. B. FARR.

The Ladies.—H. L. MAY, *Yale Courant*.

Mr. Clarke, of the *Undergraduate*, and Mr. Harper, of Amherst, also spoke. The toasts were interspersed with songs, led by Mr. Abbot, of Williams. The toast of the "Muscovite Maiden," which might seem to be a subject foreign to college journalism, was the outcome of a song by Mr. Mauran. Mr. Sprague, of THE TECH, sang with great effect, "An Awful Little Scrub." The meeting broke up about half-past ten. It is to be regretted

that all the New England college papers did not send delegates; but they themselves are the losers, for they missed one of the pleasantest experiences in the life of a college editor.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13, 1887.

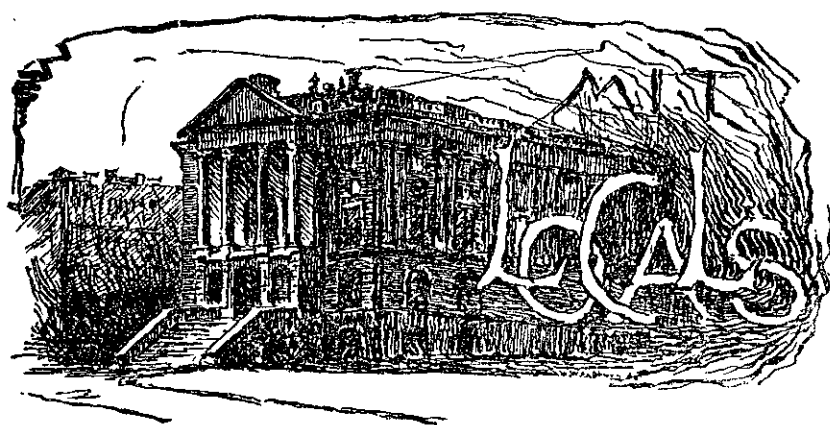
To the Editors of THE TECH:—

The North-Western Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology held its second informal meeting, February 12th, at the Leland Hotel, Chicago. A constitution was adopted, which I inclose herewith, and which you can publish in THE TECH, if you so desire. The following were elected officers for this year: *President*, Frank Wells, '70; *First Vice-President*, E. C. Potter, '80; *Second Vice-President*, Henry Raeder, '76; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Solomon Sturges, '87; *Executive Committee*, Fred. Greeley, '76 (Chairman), S. T. Pope, '79, T. W. Fry, '85, A. H. Brown, '86, John L. Shortall, '87, and the President and Secretary.

After the business meeting, Messrs. Richardson, '85, and Perkins, '86, favored us with some selections on the zither and banjo, respectively, and we then adjourned to supper. Mr. Fred. Greeley acted as toastmaster, and did it with a great deal of credit. Mr. Potter responded to our "Alma Mater," Mr. Mudge, '74, to "The Faculty," Mr. Duff, '86, to "The Military," Mr. Leonard, '83, to "dx-dy cos θ ," Mr. Sturges to "Why are we here?" Mr. Loewenthal to "Present Times and the Last Semies," Mr. Wells to "My Inaugural Address," and Mr. Richardson to "Music." All were duly embarrassed, according to old custom, and the bell was often rung on the "entirely unexpected." The evening closed by the singing of college songs under the leadership of the "choir," Messrs. Fry and Shortall.

Our roll now numbers one hundred and fifteen, and the addresses of any Institute men in this part of the country will be gladly received by the Secretary, care of N. W. Nat'l Bank, Chicago.

S. S.



The C B₃ A dined at the Vendome, recently.

The 2 G met Wednesday evening at the Thorn-dyke.

The Gymnasium is well filled in the after-noon with men training for the games.

The Biological Club visited the Norfolk Brew-ery in Roxbury last Thursday.

The K₂ S has recently initiated Messrs. F. Z. Hopkins and C. R. Walker, '89.

All are glad to see Professor Runkle and Professor Osborne again at their posts.

There will only be one more holiday this term, which will be on Fast Day, in April.

The Foot-Ball Association received through the mail a catalogue of pistols and revolvers.

The costly prizes offered by the Athletic Club for the games, should ensure active competition.

The annual "Tech" dinner will be held on March 12th, probably at the Victoria or the Vendome.

Sydney Warren, '88, was elected Recording Secretary of the New England College Press Association.

There are several entries for the games Satur-day from the Y. M. C. A., and a number from Harvard and the Y. M. C. U.

The Senior Miners are having a course of lectures on the metallurgy of zinc, given them by Mr. H. O. Hofman.

"TECH" subscriptions should be paid up at once. Many have not been paid, and it is hoped that they soon will be.

The Freshmen are going to organize a nine to play '89, and they may arrange to play the Harvard Freshmen.

It is just about this time that the Freshman, whose home is not in New England, is deeply mystified concerning Boston weather.

The Senior Miners have beaten the record on blast furnace runs. '87 holds the record for the longest run made on lead smelting.

Charles Wood, '86, is now working under Samuel Stickney, '86, on the construction work of the Minnesota & North Western Railroad.

The Class and Society of '87 will give the Faculty a reception at the Parker House, Friday night. A double quartette will furnish the music.

Brown and Andover have written to arrange dates with the nine. It is probable that the Institute will not put a nine in the field this season.

Mr. Henry R. Towne, of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, will lecture to the Senior Mechanicals, this month, on mechanical engineering.

At the meeting of the Society of Arts last week, Dr. E. D. Peters, of Walpole, read an in-teresting and instructive paper on the "Besse-merizing of copper matte."

We regret to say, that Mr. Jas. T. Greeley, '88, has left the Institute. Mr. Greeley will be sadly missed from THE TECH and Quarterly Boards.

Mr. James Russell Lowell will be the next lecturer in the Lowell Institute courses. He will deliver a course of six lectures on "Old English Dramatists."

'90 would not elect a Senior ball committee at their meeting February 24th, because they had received no authorized notice that they should do so. The memory of the election of "Tech-nique" editors last term was too strong.

Mr. Hadaway, '87, has been elected editor-in-chief of the "Quarterly," to fill the place left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Greeley. The first number of the Quarterly will probably ap-pear about the first of April.

There is an interesting article on composite photography in the March *Century*. Sidney Bartlett, '87, took a very successful composite photograph of the biological department last year: '87 should have one taken of the class.

The Glee Club will give its annual concert at the Association Hall, Friday, March 18th. This will be one of the social events of the season, and there is no doubt but that the club will be greeted by a large audience. Tickets may be procured of any of the members.

At a class-meeting held February 24th, the Freshmen elected Mr. G. N. Calkins to fill a vacancy in the Executive Committee. Messrs. Stearns, Beals, Green, Wood, and Batchelder were elected as a committee to arrange for a class ball nine.

The class of '88 met February 23d, and elected a committee, consisting of Messrs. Bradlee, Moore, Underhill, Holman, and Claflin, to make arrangements for the class supper. They also elected Messrs. Devens, Ferguson, and Bradlee as members of the Senior Ball Committee.

It is the present intention of the Cycling Club to hold a record-breaking meeting early in the spring, probably at the Lynn track. At a recent meeting of the club, Messrs. E. O. Goss, '87, E. S. Hutchins, '89, and J. P. Heywood, '90, were elected a committee to make the arrangements and to open entries.

The athletic games, Saturday, will begin promptly at 2 P. M. As there will probably be a large crowd present, those escorting ladies should go early, to avoid the rush. The prospects are that it will be a highly successful meeting, and that Harvard will not take away all the prizes.

At the meeting of the Senior Class-day Committee, the programme for the day was roughly sketched out. Mr. Frank C. Shepard was chosen chief marshal, Mr. H. D. Sears, second marshal, and T. W. Sprague, George O. Draper, and George F. Curtiss, aids. They will elect an orator, prophet, historian, and statistician at their next meeting.

At the Haydenville Rink, the other evening, a young lady won a pair of skates for "wearing the most antique costume." — *Boston Transcript*.

Great Scott! we must stop at this. The costumes of ballet-girls or Long Branch bathers can be tolerated; but if they start to offer prizes for the "most antique costume," who knows but some bold creature will go in search of a fig-tree.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.—A member of '87 has offered a fifty-dollar medal for a Harvard record of 6 minutes 50 seconds in the mile walk.—There are hopes for a new boat-house. Pres. Eliot, in his report, mentions the need.—The candidates for the Mott Haven team pass the 16-pound shot for fifteen minutes every afternoon.—The board of overseers have voted to concur with the president and fellows in the vote to establish the Paine professorship of practical astronomy.

YALE.—The foot-ball team are to receive miniature foot-balls as trophies.—It is proposed that the Senior class have a "composite" photograph taken.—A Chicago club has been formed.—There are sixty-four students from Chicago in the university.—Candidates for the University crew have been forbidden to pull on the tug-of-war teams.—There are sixty-five entries for the winter games.—The Junior crew had a narrow escape from drowning, recently, being upset by the ice in the channel.—A dime novel has been published in New York, the scene of which is laid in New Haven, and whose principals are Yale students.—Candidates for the nine are expected to go to bed at nine o'clock.—Graduates of Yale living about New York, gave a banquet to Capt. Robert Cook, Feb. 19th.

COLUMBIA.—The plans for the new gymnasium have been prepared. The building will contain gymnasium, rowing-room, base-ball cage, swimming-bath, bowling-alleys, lecture-rooms, smoking-rooms, etc. The cost will be about \$150,000.—There is a proposal before the trus-

tees to make the post-graduate course free hereafter.

IN GENERAL.—A meeting of delegates from the base-ball associations of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton was held in New York, February 12th. They recommended that Yale, Harvard, and Princeton withdraw from the present association and form a new one, including only the colleges named. Mass meetings were held at the above colleges, February 16th, and Harvard and Princeton ratified the recommendations, while Yale appointed a committee with powers to act.—The meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, February 25th.—Williams and Columbia both want to join the new league.—In the *Crimson* for February 10th is a sketch of the growth of the tug-of-war. Four hundred years ago it was a popular sport with the sailors. Not until 1882 was the belt introduced, which with the cleats made the sport depend upon something else besides mere strength.—The average price of room-rent at Princeton is sixty dollars.—Clarkson, of the Chicagos, is coaching the Harvard pitchers, Keefe of the New Yorks the Williams nine, and Ferguson of the Philadelphias is with Trinity.—The Senior class tax at Williams will be about twenty dollars.—The University of Michigan wants a University magazine.—There are 149 students at the University of Berlin.—There are 50 entries for the winter games at Princeton.—Leyden University, in Holland, is the richest in the world. Its real-estate alone is said to be worth \$4,000,000.—At Williams, the candidates for next fall's foot-ball team are already in training.—Trinity College wants \$50,000 for scientific departments. Hill, the Dickinson College student who proceeded against the faculty for expelling him, has been taken back by order of the court.—The Tory students of Cambridge University, England, have uprooted the tree which was planted there recently by Mr. Gladstone.—Repeated tests have shown that the fastest time attainable by a toboggan, is a mile in 1 minute 39 seconds.—*Ex.*



COUSINS.

She's only a cousin, after all;
Her hair is gold, her hands are small
And white as any summer cloud;
Her voice is soft and sweet, not loud
And harsh, like many girls; her eyes
Shine through the darkness, bright and wise,
Two fair lone stars in the heavens set.
She's a truly wondrous maid—and yet
She's only a cousin, after all.

But why had my spirits so hard a fall
When I learned that she would soon be wed?
My life seems blank, and my hopes are dead,
And my thoughts all happiness repel,
Though why 'tis so, I cannot tell—
For she's only a cousin, after all.

— *Yale Courant.*

TO ST. V.

You're going out of fashion,
St. Valentine, they say;
One need not spend his cash on
The maid he has a mash on,
In your especial way.

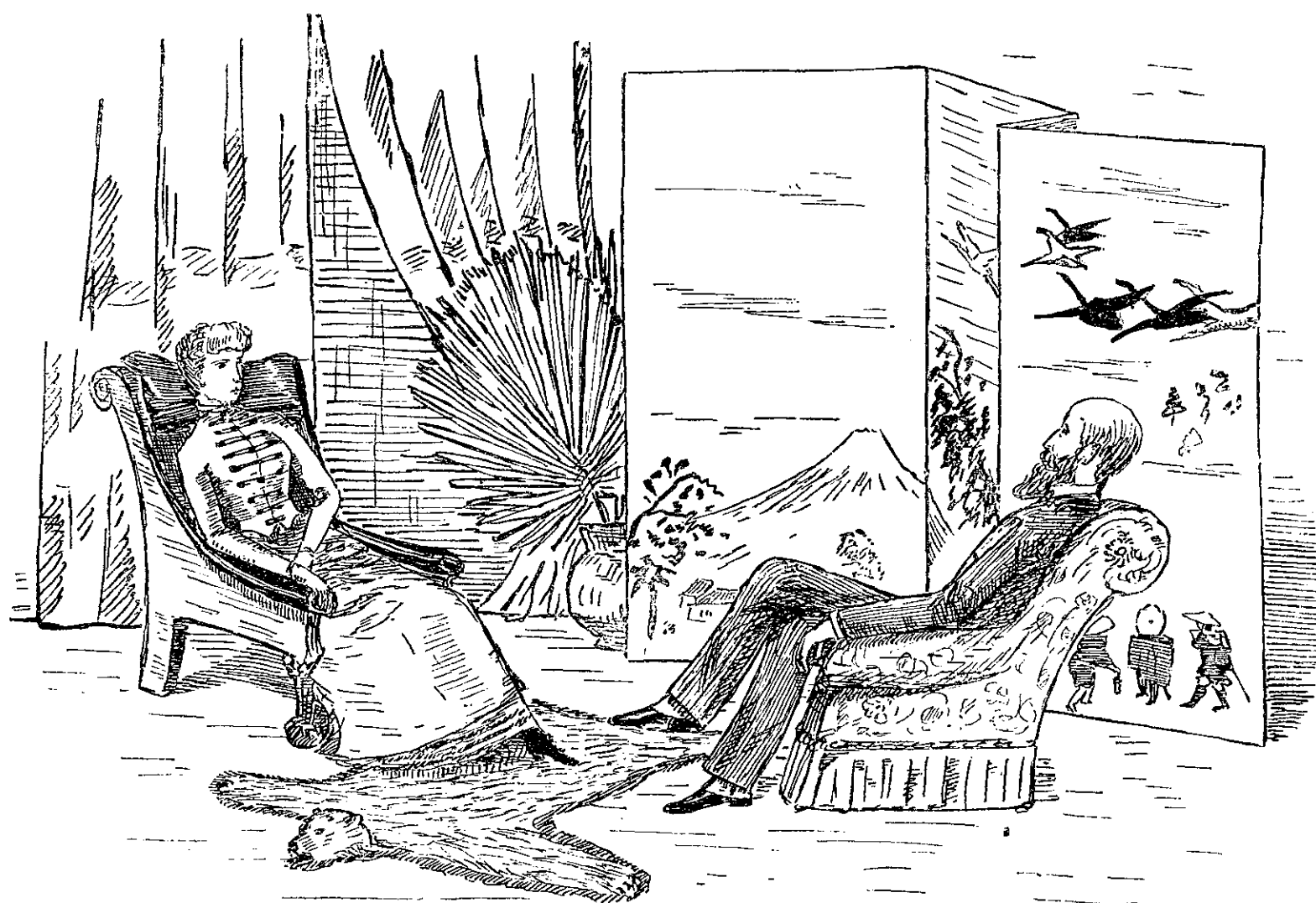
The poets write about you,
O good St. Valentine,
As if they, too, did doubt you;
And when the poets flout you,
It's surely a bad sign.

If being so distrusted
By those who should be true,
Has not made you disgusted,
And left your weapons rusted
For want of aught to do,

I beg you will believe me,
That I am loyal yet;
And that, before you leave me,
You'll lend your aid to weave me
A daintily-laced net,

As you can best prepare it,
To catch a maiden's heart;
And if I *shall* ensnare it,
My faith, good saint—I swear it!—
Shall ne'er from you depart.

— *Williams Fortnight.*



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(Jones has just returned to his native country, after a long absence.)

He: "THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS TWELVE YEARS AGO—AND YOU WERE *such* A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL. BUT HOW YOU'VE CHANGED! WHY, I NEVER SHOULD RECOGNIZE YOU!" (Silence, large and somber.)

MY PIPE AND I.

I sat at ease, half sleeping,
With my pipe as a solace from care,
And a dreamy pensiveness creeping
Through the smoke-wreaths curling there.

A dainty note lay in my fingers,
Addressed in a feminine hand,
And the subtle odor which lingers
Seems an absent form to command.

My thoughts o'er the past were straying,
As memories hurriedly came;
My eyes were in sympathy staying
To gaze on a face in its frame.

A demure little face seen dimly
Through clouds of blue, wreathing smoke,—
A face one could love supremely,
A smile 'twere bliss to invoke.

With a sigh I aroused, and leaning
To the light, brushed the smoke-rings away,
Again read the note and its meaning:
Ah me! she was married to-day.

—Yale Record.

A TRAMPLED ROSE.

(Rondeau.)

A trampled rose, its petal rent,
As though some evil sprite had lent
His elfin fury to destroy,
Deeming nought other than a toy
What I, with burning kiss, had sent.

And she, her fair head downward bent,
Heard all my vows, with love intent,—
Nor quivered thou with pain's alloy,
A trampled rose.

I fain would call it accident,
This tiny slipper's sharp indent,—
Yet must I other means employ
To well explain my lack of joy
And heart's blood, with thy dying spent,—

A trampled rose. —Fortnight.

It is said that the French have reason to fear
an epidemic of Krupp.—Life.

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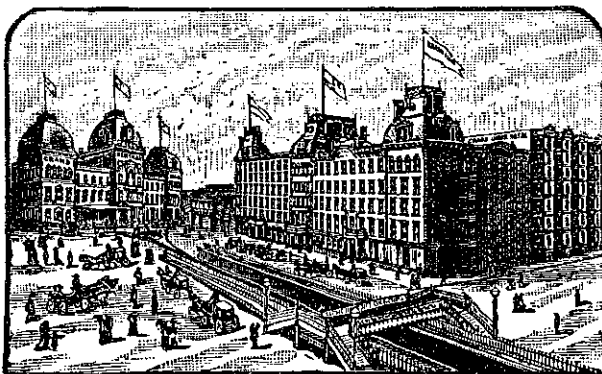
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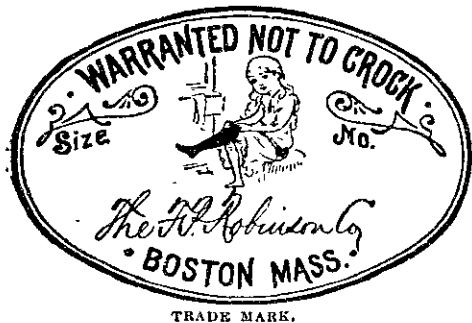
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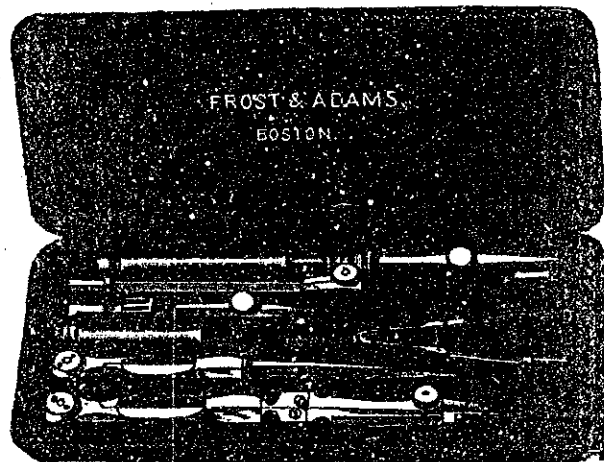
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